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AN  
E P I S T L E

FROM

E D W A R D,

AN

AMERICAN PRISONER in ENGLAND,

TO

H A R R I E T,

In A M E R I C A.

THE SECOND EDITION.

To which is added,

An O D E to C H A R I T Y.

Dura sed emovère loco me tempora grato,  
Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma. Hor.

---

L O N D O N :

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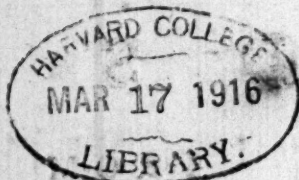
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AMERICAN RESEARCH IN ENGLAND  
TO  
H. A. R. I. E. T.  
IN AMERICA  
THE SECOND PART OF  
THE



TO THE  
N O B I L I T Y,  
AND TO THE  
LADIES and GENTLEMEN,  
CONTRIBUTORS TO THE  
S U B S C R I P T I O N  
FOR THE RELIEF OF THE  
AMERICAN PRISONERS in ENGLAND.

The following P O E M

Is most gratefully I N S C R I B E D.

TO THE  
M O B I L I T Y  
A D V E R T I S E M E N T

**T**HE Editor assures the Reader, that the following Poem is founded on *Fact*; and that when the Expences of Publication are defrayed, the Profits will be religiously applied to the Relief of the American Prisoners now in England; who, notwithstanding the generous Interposition of the Publick, are really in great Distress. He has only farther to say, that he has often been a Witness to the Distresses and delicate Agitations of the unfortunate EDWARD's Mind.



[ 2 ]

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E P I S T L E

FROM

EDWARD, an American Prisoner in ENGLAND, to

HARRIET, in AMERICA.

FROM the vile confines of a prison's gloom,  
Where with each wretch I mourn an equal  
doom \*,

\* For the first year after the commitment of the American prisoners, both officers and seamen were constantly locked up in the same damp and dismal dungeon; without either fire or candle. And this was done at a season of the year when the days were so short, that, according to the rules of the prison, they were locked up nineteen, and sometimes twenty hours, out of the twenty-four.

B

What

What can I send to calm my HARRIET's fears,

And soothe that tenderneſs my heart reveres ?

Will the ſad ſtory of my EDWARD's fate

Beguile the pangs his abſence muſt create ?

Fain would I ſhun the taſk (alas! till now

Not deem'd a taſk) nor ſtain with grief thy brow.

Can I forget, when on our diſtant ſtrand,

My heart elate, and ſuſh'd with new command,

Sweetly ſevere you check'd my riſing pride,

And bade each paſſion war on virtue's ſide :

‘EDWARD!’ you cried ‘to honour point your view,

‘ Her ſacred path with equal ſteps purſue;

‘ But think not, HARRIET will thy warmth reſtrain,

‘ Or with a woman's fears thy cauſe profane,

‘ Dear as thou art, yet at thy country's call,

‘ To her I yield my life, my love, my all !

‘ Think



' Think on thy single arm depends the cause  
 ' Of tott'ring freedom, and our equal laws ;  
 ' Think that thy single arm in valour great  
 ' May save that freedom, and preserve our state :  
 ' Go, emulous of Sparta's glory, shine ;  
 ' O may her patriot fortitude be mine !  
 ' While at thy wish'd return I trembling wait  
 ' To hail thy triumph, or to mourn thy fate.'

Ev'n now I hear the well-remember'd sigh,  
 And see the big tear trembling in thine eye ;  
 While as the fav'ring breezes fill'd the sail,  
 Thy hand thrice waving bade a long farewell.

Alas ! no triumph was to me decreed,  
 Denied the glorious privilege to bleed :

Our

Our little barque scarce stem'd proud Europe's seas,  
 When swiftly wafted by no friendly breeze  
 A mighty war-ship on our courses bore,  
 And sent us pris'ners to this hostile shore :  
 Alas ! not hostile once : I view'd the coast,  
 In thoughts of mingled grief and wonder lost,  
 Where Liberty once held her fair domain,  
 See slav'ry crouch, and hated discord reign !  
 By petty states neglected or distressed,  
 Proud Prussia's scorn, and subtle Dutchmen's jest,  
 Britain the pride of Europe once, no more  
 Sees rival nations court her fav'ring pow'r :  
 The haughty Spaniard and insidious Gaul  
 Exulting triumph, and decree her fall.

Thus



Thus nations perish ; for the fates ordain  
 When tyrant-pow'r usurps fair freedom's reign :  
 No longer wisdom will the sceptre wield,  
 Great in the cabinet as in the field ;  
 But puny statesmen spin their cobweb schemes,  
 Tho' armies sacrific'd disgrace their dreams ;  
 Then with each glosing art the loss conceal,  
 'Till dreadful ruin bids a Nation feel.  
 Tho' keen my suff'rings, can I see unmov'd  
 The hard, hard fortune of a land so lov'd ?  
 No cruel minister at once can raze  
 The honour'd mem'ry of her happier days ;  
 When with parental love in blessing blest,  
 No fears alarm'd her, and no foes distress :  
 Each patriot sage, with transport, saw her aid  
 In double portions to herself repaid.

As peace her olive, war his faulchion wav'd,  
 United firm, the world's whole pow'r she brav'd.  
 Alas, how chang'd! --- Where shone each grace  
     divine,  
 And arts and arms were nurs'd at freedom's shrine,  
 See superstition link'd in aukward band  
 With sceptic-doubt, stalk horrid round the land.  
 But stay my pen; nor heav'n's decrees arraign,  
 Which sends those blessings to our western main;  
 There may they flourish, there securely find  
 A lov'd asylum in each freeborn mind!  
 Cheer'd, by this hope, my wand'ring thought  
     explores  
 Time's dark abyss, and sees new glories our's;  
 Sees on the banner by proud fame unfurl'd,  
 Freedom and empire crown our western world.

Sweet



Sweet pow'r of fancy ! which can thus illumine  
 Ev'n these drear walls, and gild the pris'ners gloom;  
 Can from his bed of straw each care exclude,  
 And through the lattice cheer his solitude.  
 Sweet pow'r of fancy ! to thine aid resign'd,  
 Thou bring'st my HARRIET to my longing mind;  
 I see her outstretch'd arm, and pitying eye,  
 Ah stretch'd in vain ! to me the fates deny  
 Ev'n HARRIET's aid ; her pity sighs in vain,  
 While tyrant-vengeance locks a Rebel's chain.

R E B E L !---Can England lost to freedom, now  
 forget

The shining honours of her former state ?  
 Shall Hampden, Sydney, Russell's injur'd name,  
 Once deem'd her glory, now reflect her shame ?

These

These too were REBEL-chiefs ; for these withstood  
 Oppressive pow'r, and seal'd their cause with blood  
 Not such the precepts of our early years,  
 When you, my HARRIET, join'd your infant tears,  
 Oft as our parents did the tale relate  
 Of civil rage, whence sprung our new-born state :  
 How of lov'd England did they raptur'd speak,  
 'Till mingled grief and pleasure dew'd their cheek!  
 And at the close of each eventful tale,  
 Bad us no more each patriot chief bewail,  
 But emulate the virtues we admir'd,  
 As freedom, and our country's cause inspir'd.

T'is thus, my HARRIET, I recal each scene,  
 Tho' kingdoms rise and oceans roll between :  
 Thy lov'd idea with our country's join'd  
 Is ever present to my raptur'd mind :

By



By walls environ'd, and lock'd down by chains;  
 This flesh alone the arm of pow'r constrains;  
 The active spirit, from all bondage free,  
 O'er-leaps these walls, and flies, lov'd maid! to thee.

OC-CAS-I-ONED BY THE

Subscription for the AMERICAN PRISONER.

I.

THIRCE hallow'd Grace, that keeps thy

pow'r

When faith and hope are known no more,

O, CHARITY, to thee I call

Whole influence bland, connects and equals all!

Again I woo thee to our ill,

Where oft thou had'st the cars-worn prisoner smile.

Long hath the iron rage of war,

Spread horror from his wasteful car,

And

D

N A

**O D E to C H A R I T Y,**

OCCASIONED BY THE

SUBSCRIPTION for the AMERICAN PRISONERS.

**I.**

**T**HRICE hallow'd Grace! that keep'st thy  
pow'r,

When faith and hope are known no more,

O, CHARITY, to thee I call

Whose influence bland, connects and equals all!

Again I woo thee to our isle,

Where oft thou bad'st the care-worn prisoner smile.

Long hath the iron rage of war,

Spread horror from his wasteful car,

And,



And, striding o'er his heaps of slain,  
 Seen ev'ry virtue strew the purple plain :  
 But if not yet the measur'd wrath be full,  
 If to the dregs the bitter cup we drain,  
 Tho' blinded still by impious love of rule,  
 Yet let not savage deeds our glory stain.

## II.

See on our distant, once-lov'd strand;  
 From ev'ry soft endearment torn,  
 The hapless, poor, imprison'd band,  
 Each varied pang of suff'ring mourn.  
 Let not their piteous cry preferr'd in vain,  
 With foulest blot our whiter annals stain.  
 Say, can proud glory with the prisoner strive,  
 Or doom to want, the wretch she bids to live?  
 O CHARITY ! thrice hallow'd flame !  
 That fir'd of old each patriot name,

And

And in the laurel crown that Fame did bind,  
 With thy own pitying myrtle oft the wreath entwin'd:  
 Who on thy Shelburne's honied tongue,  
 In sounds of soft persuasion hung,  
 And bade him, with such skill, each grief pourtray,  
 As struck the thoughtless, and appall'd the gay:  
 O let thy influence, spreading far, inflame,  
 Beyond thy Shelburne's voice, tho' not beyond his  
 fame.

Still with true valour be thou join'd  
 O animate each British mind!  
 And let my Lycon's active zeal,  
 Teach them the brave alone can feel,  
 That Providence to CHARITY has giv'n  
 FAITH's surest pledge, and HOPE's best anchor,---  
 Heav'n.

F I N I S.